A Merry Miscellany Brings Poets Together in Laughing Mood

Anthology of Rhyming Fun Culls the Wit of Centuries

THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS VERSE. Compiled by Carolyn Wells. George H. Doran Company.

Miss Carolyn Wells has made a huge success—almost a thousand pages—of her anthology of sportive verse, containing some 750 pieces, and it was well worth the doing; Austin Dobson put it briefly:

When the verse, like a piper a-Maying,
Comes playing—
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer,
In answer—

It will last till men weary of pleasure,
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter—
And after!

Miss Wells confesses falling short of her ideal—which was to make a book holding everything that anybody might ever wish to find in such a collection. But this is only to confess the limitations of humanity, and her achievement needs no apology; she has displayed well her knowledge of the subject and her sense of fun—that glorious gift which transcends even a sense of humor; and her skill and taste in selection deserve the heartiest praise. The publisher has done his important share acceptably; the paper is smooth and white and the type clear—necessary details in such books of reference; the volume is well proportioned and not heavy in spite of its bulk; also, it will lie open on the table. "Classification is a vexation," as the compiler admits, but she has managed it well; the contents are divided under heads of "Banter," "The Eternal Feminine," "Love and Courtship," "Satire," "Cynicism," "Epigrams," "Burlesque" "Bathos," "Parody," "Narrative," "Tribute," "Whimsey," "Nonsense," "Natural History" and "Juniors," with a few "Immortal Stanzas" at the end.

From such a collection extracts must be inadequate, yet examples can give some hint of Miss Wells's skill, and bring back remembered smiles to the reader.

The place of honor is given to Gilbert's marvellous song of "The Played Out Humorist":

Quixotic is his enterprise and hopeless his adventure is,
Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said;
The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,
And every joke that's possible has long ago been made.

Miss Wells surveys her world from early times; she does not neglect to include two instances of antique humor touching the very serious subject of ways and means. Geoffrey Chaucer thus begins an apostrophe:

TO MY EMPTY PURSE.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dere;
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere.

There are dozens of old favorites, from Lovelace and Donne and Dryden and Cowper and Herrick and Cowley and Prior and Addison and Aytoun and Ben Jonson and all the company of the classic great—even Milton is represented; and succeeding periods provide their full share, down to "Walter Ramal" (Walter de la Mare), Hilaire Belloc and Wallace Irwin; this one of Mr. Irwin's rhymes comes near being a jewel of philosophy in epigram:

A GRAIN OF SALT.

Of all the wimming doubly blest,
The sailor's wife's the happiest;
For all she does is stay to home
And knit and darn—and let 'im roam.
Of all the husbands on the earth,
The sailor has the finest berth:
For in his cabin he can sit
And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

And the Rev. Joseph Cook's wit is recalled in his "Rhymes for Boston Babies":

RHYME FOR A GEOLOGICAL BABY.

Tribolite, Graptolite, Nautilus pie;
Seas were calcareous, oceans were dry.
Eocene, miocene, pliocene Tuff,
Lias and Trias, and that is enough.

Frequently one finds an old friend—long lost. The last stanza of Frances M. Whitcher's "Can't Calculate" comes back like an echo through the years—most apt to-day:

Can't calculate with no precision,
On naught beneath the sky;
And so I've come to the decision
That 'tain't worth while to try.

And one is glad, also, to have the full text of James Kenneth Stephen's "Millennium," with its amusing (if rather ill-natured) climax:

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens;
When there stands a muzzled stripling
Mute with a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more!

Stephen Crane is represented by a single stanza:

THE MAN.

A man said to the universe,
"Sir, I exist!"
"However," replied the universe,
"The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation."

The magnificent parodies by Swinburne of his own manner are treasures. Here is the opening of

NEPHELIDIA.

From the depth of the dreamy decline
of the dawn through a notable
nimbus of nebulous moonshine,
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flax
flower that flickers with fear of
the flies as they float,
Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of
mystic miraculous moonshine,
These that we feel in the blood of our
blushes that thicken and threaten
with throbs through the throat?

As a parody of what is possibly the standard nonsense poem, F. G. Hartswick's verse called (clumsily enough) "Somewhere-in-Europe-Wocky," deserves a wide audience. Here is the opening:

'Twas Brussels, and the loos liege
Did meuse and arras in latour;
All vimy were the mets maubege,
And the tsing tau namur.

Even if Mr. Gelett Burgess's lyric of the "Purple Cow" has been "translated in all modern languages, including the Scandinavian"—much can be said for the claims of another of those liquid notes of *The Lark*—the apostrophe to

MY FEET.

My feet, they haul me round the house,
They hoist me up the stairs;
I only have to steer them, and
They ride me everywheres.

A few limericks must suffice to stand for the whole noble company. How many persons remember this one, which Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote:

There is a young artist called Whistler,
Who in every respect is a bristler:
A tub of white lead
Or a punch on the head
Come equally handy to Whistler.

Here is a chip from Oliver Herford's workshop:

THE LAUGHING WILLOW.

To see the Kaiser's epitaph
Would make a weeping willow laugh.

At this kind of thing Lewis Carroll seems *facile princeps*, yet there are several who do not fall far behind. Here is the first stanza of Hilaire Belloc's lyric:

THE LLAMA.

The Llama is a wooly sort of fleecy, hairy goat,
With an indolent expression and undulating throat,
Like an unsuccessful literary man.
And I know the place he lives in (or at least I think I do)—
It is Ecuador, Brazil or Chile—possibly Peru;
You must find it in the atlas if you can.
Not less enthralling a study is:

THE YAK.

As a friend to the children commend me the yak,
You will find it exactly the thing:
It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,
Or lead it about with a string.

After all, with all deference to the others, including W. S. Gilbert, Lewis Carroll stands alone in his class. The opening canto, for instance, of

SOME HALLUCINATIONS.

He thought he saw an elephant
That practised on a fife;
He looked again and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said.
"The bitterness of life."

Miss Carolyn Wells's work should sell by the million, for the million. The book is like Gilbert's definition of "Life"—"a pudding full of plums."

Arnold Bennett taking a lesson in scenario writing from Donald Crisp, in a London studio.

A Sailor's Log of His Voyage From California to England

ROUND THE HORN BEFORE THE MAST. By A. Basil Lubbock. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Of the fact that the world loves books of the sea the enduring fame of Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" bears witness, the story of which Clark Russell once said that every time he saw the American flag he regretted that Dana's tale had been born under it. A. Basil Lubbock's journal of one-half such a voyage as Dana made, which he tells in "Round the Horn Before the Mast," seems fated for some such life as the greatest sea tale in our literature; for eighteen years after its first publication in England, with four editions and five reprintings to its credit, this book now makes its first appearance in this country.

The keeper of the journal which forms the text of this narrative is obviously the adventuring type of Englishman, for the reader learns in his pages that the writer had been in the Klondike and prospecting in Vancouver before he shipped aboard the four-masted bark Royalshire in July, 1899, in San Francisco, as a foremast hand for the voyage to England, and through a scant reference on a later page one learns that Lubbock served in the Boer war. The writer is also an artist and several academic marine drawings illustrate the voyage and its incidents.

To readers of maritime literature the general outlines of such a voyage, told almost log fashion, are now thoroughly familiar. The hard and unfamiliar labors of a green hand; the diversified elements in the crew; the considerable amount of discussion of insufficient food and the nauseous liquids served out as tea and coffee; the long, pleasant days in the Pacific; the terrifying hardships of the passage around the Horn; the doldrums of the western ocean; and the inevitable "head on" gales as the end of the voyage drags near. All these are in Mr. Lubbock's book, set down simply and with an engaging, humorous charm in which complaints have little place. The writer was evidently fascinated by the sailor's chanteys, for he quotes practically all the best known ones at one time or another in his journal.

Just why he found so much pleasure in the hard work, lack of food, physical injuries and sheer hardship off the Horn that came to him is best shown by his appreciation of the joy that comes from doing well the job at hand. The reader catches his philosophy to the full in this passage: "The steering of a big square-rigged sailing ship is, I think, a most fascinating job. . . . In solitude I leant against the wheel and meditated, gazing over the foam-flecked sea and drinking in the unspeakable grandeur of the great deep. Before me rose the bellying sails, and from forward the sounds of toil and sweat came floating aft, sharp commands, the chorus of a chantey, cries from aloft, the rattle of blocks, the stamps of many feet, the flapping, cracking sound of a sail being sheeted home; whilst around me, but for the swirl of the water alongside, all was silent. Whilst they worked, the ship was in my hands: I steered her, I showed her the way to go, I kept her from prancing away to one side or the other; with inexorable hand grasping the spokes I held her on her course, ever and anon casting an eye to windward."

Africa as a Refuge

THE JEWS OF AFRICA. By Sidney Mendelssohn. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The history of the Jewish race is remarkable because of their wanderings, and so the subject of the Jews in Africa appealed to Mr. Sidney Mendelssohn, who had done much to develop South Africa. He devoted the last years of his life to research in this field, and this posthumous volume is interesting and important for the new information here brought together. The author confines his volume to the Jews in northern Africa and says nothing about the part his people played in developing the diamond industry and in trade. He weighs evidence carefully and does not indorse the rather vague legends of early Jewish colonies in Carthage, Ethiopia and Abyssinia. Each country is treated separately, but there is unity to the story because Jewish fortunes run a parallel course.

Most of the Jews who fled from Europe at different times took refuge under the tolerant Mosiems of Africa. They preserved the ancient garb of their race, but their belief and ritual underwent many striking changes. During the last century the Mohammedans commenced to oppress the Jew, and he was saved by the Christian Powers from economic and social degradation. Mr. Mendelssohn wrote with much enthusiasm and he drew vivid pictures of the renowned Maimonides, Isaac Ben Sheshet and Samuel Palachwe.

Edwin Arlington Robinson Defines and Illustrates Poetry

THE THREE TAVERNS.—A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company.

Reviewed by EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

I once asked the late Madison Cawein for a definition of poetry.

"Poetry," he said, "is the metrical or rhythmical expression of the emotions occasioned by the sight or the knowledge of the beautiful, the melancholy and the noble in nature and in man."

Many years later, in talking to Edwin Arlington Robinson, I repeated this definition and asked Mr. Robinson what he thought of it. He was silent for some time, and I could see that he was going over Cawein's words carefully in his mind.

"It is one of the best and truest definitions of poetry I ever heard," he replied at length, "but I should say that poetry is a language that tells us through a more or less emotional reaction something that cannot be said."

Certainly Mr. Robinson's own work lives up to that definition. He is an interpreter of life, and tells us through the medium of his poetry truths about men and women that are uncannily clairvoyant in their understanding of human nature. There are lines in his best work that illumine the crannies of the soul like torches and give the reader a glimpse for a brief instant of unsuspected secrets. He possesses this gift more abundantly than any other poet writing in this country today. With a few subtle words he can paint a full length portrait of a human being that is startlingly lifelike.

Mr. Robinson's ability to say much in little is demonstrated in his latest volume of poems, "The Three Taverns." His apt figures of speech bloom so prodigally in these pages that one is constantly tempted to quote. "The Valley of the Shadow," for instance, contains dozens of lines that arrest and hold the attention not only for their subtle insight into life but for their sheer beauty of phrasing. To cite: "pensioners of dreams," "debtors of illusions," "thirsting heirs of golden sieves," "blighted sons of wonder," "Time's inexorable tenants," "commemorative wreckage," "creepers among catacombs where dull regrets were torches," "drinkers of wrong waters," "daughters older than the mothers who had borne them," and "maidens very quiet with no quiet in their eyes."

They are all there, stumbling on their way through the Valley of the Shadow, which is life—human beings with bewilderment in their hearts and a question on their lips. A feeling of infinite compassion for these stumblers breathes from every stanza of the poem, which ends on this high note:

So they were, and so they are; and as
they came are coming others,
And among them are the fearless and the
meek and the unborn,
And a question that has held us heretofore without an answer
May abide without an answer until all
have ceased to mourn.
For the children of the dark are more to
name than are the wretched,
Or the broken, or the weary, or the
baffled, or the shamed;
There are builders of new mansions in
the Valley of the Shadow,
And among them are the dying and the
blinded and the maimed.

This is by far the biggest poem in the book, but other notable poems are "The Wandering Jew," "The Three Taverns," "The Flying Dutchman," "John Brown," "London Bridge," "The Mill," "Lazarus" and "Tasker Norcross," the last being a most successful attempt to depict a man without a personality—an undeveloped human negative.

Among the shorter poems "Souvenir" is Mr. Robinson at his very best. This sonnet is compact with beauty and is pervaded by a retrospective wistfulness that makes its appeal peculiarly poignant:

A vanished house that for an hour I knew
By some forgotten chance when I was young
Had once a glimmering window overhung
With honeysuckle wet with evening dew.
Along the path tall dusky dahlias grew,
And shadowy hydrangeas reached and swung
Ferociously; and over me, among
The moths and mysteries, a blurred bat flew.

Somewhere within there were dim presences
Of days that hovered and of years gone by.
I waited, and between their silences
There was an evanescent faded noise;
And though a child, I knew it was the voice
Of one whose occupation was to die.

A Venezuelan Balzac

THE MAN OF GOLD. By Rufino Blanco Fombona. Translated by Isaac Goldberg. Brentano's.

Reviewed by W. B. McCORMICK.

Latin-American novelists fashion their styles after the French masters of realism just as their national buildings and commercial structures take on the forms of modern French architecture. So it is not an uncommon experience in reading the first novel of the Venezuelan author and poet, Rufino Blanco Fombona, to be translated into English, to find that Balzac is obviously his master and model, a resemblance which we find has already been noted by a distinguished Brazilian writer who "compliments the author of the 'Man of Gold' for his Balzaclike scenes and personages." Indeed, Don Camillo Irurtia, the golden man of the title, might have stepped out of a page of Balzac just as the description of that usurer's wretched home near the Candelaria Square in Caracas has been foreshadowed by the author of "Pere Goriot."

That immortal French father, whose only fitting counterpart in our literature is King Lear, comes quickly to mind in connection with the miser of Caracas, since love was the dominating passion in the lives of each, dominating in the sense that it brought both Frenchman and Venezuelan their saving grace. Nothing could well be more sordid than the life of Irurtia, the usurer, before he met the three Agualongas sisters; nothing could well be more touching and refining than his experience in falling in love with the patient Rosaura Agualongas, who, with her two sisters, proposed to sell the family mansion in order to provide a marriage portion for their niece, the cocotte Olga Emmerich. Contrast the pictures of Irurtia and Rosaura as Fombona sketches them.

Irurtia was "lanky, skinny, little bellied; his wrinkly skin seemed to cover only bones. He had long legs, long arms, a long face and a long nose. He was short only in words, and, as rumor had it, in giving. He was short, too, in his attire, for his frock coat barely reached to his upper thighs, and his trousers, more wrinkled than an accordion, scarcely came to his ankles, as if Irurtia were forever ready to jump over a puddle. He was gray eyed and gray haired; his clear, darting little eyes and the whitish wisps of his mustache accentuated his peaked face that had something of the burglar about it, imparting to Irurtia's countenance the aspect of a creature half feline and half rodent. His face and his hands were hairy; here and there little islands of patches, where the hair had been scraped off, as if by one shaving himself in haste or in the dark, floated about in his hollow cheeks and his bony jaws. He was as lanky as Don Quixote, and even grayer."

The Latin freedom of expression so marked in this description finds equally full play in the portrait of Rosaura, who "had a pair of heavenly black eyes; but Rosaura's glance was filled with a soft glow and her very long eye lashes and her half closed eye lids imparted to her a melancholy appearance. Her skin, of dull lustre, was of amber hue. Her nose delicate; her lips full; her bust ample; her arms plump. In her left cheek, near the corner of her lips, there was a pretty little oval shaped mole. Her hips were gracefully curved. She was, with her thirty-six years, an appetizing woman."

And this was the shy, exquisite creature, as good as she was lovely, who was to be the bait to ensnare Irurtia and his fortune into the clutches of Olga Emmerich, that she might enrich her married life with the shabby "journalist," Andres Rata. In addition to the bait of Aunt Rosaura's beauty Olga sought for an ally in her schemes in Gen. Chicharra, whose prototype is the unspeakable Hulot of "Cousin Bette." But the "love interest" can only be a part of a Latin-American tale when the author of it is more or less of a revolutionary as is Fombona, an Ibanez in little. He has to "expose" the shabby politics of his countrymen, as he does through the place hunting and "never sufficiently estimated Gen. Chicharra," who eventually succeeds in making Irurtia Minister of Finance and Public Credit, the final stroke of Fombona's political satire. He reserves his social cynicism in its noxious flowering for his final episode, the picture of Olga running away from Andres Rata and Caracas, like another Carmen, with a travelling bull fighter.

Sultry realism is the pervading tone of the story. But it has its passages of saving beauty in the lives and the menage of the sisters Agualongas, with their sacrifices to Olga's shabby and deserved fate.

South America

THE STATES OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Charles Domville-Fife. The Macmillan Company.

A thousand books have been written on South America in the effort to destroy the illusion built up by O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis and others that the southern continent is a land of romance, revolution and blithe, poetic adventure.

The writers have tried to erase this notion of South America from the public mind by substituting for it another more practical, and so they have called it "the land of opportunity." These staid, utilitarian authors have piled high their volumes of statistical information, their accounts of natural resources, their descriptions of the cities and listing of taxes and customs regulations.

But to all but those who have actually turned to South America for business that continent has remained the haunt of sudden uprisings and slow serenades.

Take the book on hand as an example. Here are less than three hundred fact jammed pages, copiously sub-titled and carefully pruned of extraneous material; yet despite its range and mass of detail the romance of the neighbor continent slips in.

Writing of the Argentine the author, Charles Domville-Fife, says:

"The extreme south of the country is formed by Tierra del Fuego, or Antartic Argentina, which is divided from the mainland by the Straits of Magellan. This wild and broken country is swept by the breezes which come across the ocean from the ice fields which surround the south pole.

"Sheep farming is at present the principal industry of this great, lonely region, but beneath the rugged surface of the mountains and in the rivers gold has been found in large quantities. Hardy prospectors, suitably equipped, might here find veins and washings as rich as in Alaska."

When describing the region of the Amazon he is forced out of his trite text book style to this: ". . . One must be prepared to undertake feats of exploration in little known and vast lone lands. So thick and impenetrable are the forests of Amazonia that many glades are dark even when the sun is at meridian, and the traveller feels as though he had been lowered into a huge pit of gorgeous tropical growth."

And so until the end. Descriptions of night riding gauchos, strange customs, romantic histories, word pictures of tropical scenery, breath catching prophecies and astonishing tales of what has already taken place color the drab matter of factness of the book.

The writer, formerly a correspondent for the London *Times* and the author of other books on South America, has written this volume as guide and encouragement to British manufacturers and entrepreneurs who want to enter the South American field. The book should prove interesting, and perhaps saddening, to American merchants who are beginning to lose their business there.

As a brief introductory hand book on South America the book ought to be of value to commercial travellers, students and others about to take up a study of Latin-American conditions. It has a good index, an appendix and the chapters are all carefully subdivided, all of which ought to make it handy as a reference volume.

Russell in Russia

BOLSHEVISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Bertrand Russell. Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

The Hon. Bertrand Russell, heir presumptive to an earldom, is a believer in scientific Communism, which he considers the only solution of the problems of social reconstruction, but he does not think that the Bolshevist experiment is an adequate expression of Communism, or that it is headed in the right direction. In fact, his analysis of what it has done, and is doing, is the most shattering criticism. The basic reasons for its failure he finds in its "dogmatism of hatred." Says he:

"'To injure capitalists is not the ultimate goal of Communism, though among men dominated by hatred it is the part that gives zest to their adventure. . . . The desire to destroy is inspired by hatred, which is not a constructive principle. . . . It is only out of a quite different mentality that a happier world can be created. . . . A quite different conjuncture must see its inauguration; men must be persuaded to the attempt by hope, not driven to it by despair."

In his earlier chapters he gives a vivid account of what he saw in Bolshevist Russia; of the utter destruction of industry, the lack of food and the general debacle of society. He admits that "all power is in the hands of the Communist party, who number about 600,000 in a population of 120,000,000." He finds in Bolshevism a mixture of the traits of the French revolution "with those of the rise of Islamism"; Bolshevism tends to become a religion of the intensest fanaticism. He is not cheerful as to the future, as he sees but three possible issues from the present confusion. Looked at more narrowly, he predicts:

"'I find it impossible to believe that later developments will realize more fully the Communist ideal. If trade is open with the outer world there will be an almost irresistible tendency to resumption of private enterprise. If trade is not reopened, the plans of Asiatic conquest will mature, leading to a revival of Zenghis Khan and Timur. In neither case is the purity of the Communist faith likely to survive."

The book as a whole is perhaps the most illuminative and informing account that has yet been given in small compass of what Bolshevism is and what it is actually doing.

The Confidante

EVE TO THE RESCUE. By Ethel Hueston. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In "Eve to the Rescue," Ethel Hueston has lived up to her reputation as a popular writer of fiction for girls of all ages from 16 to 30. Eveley Ainsworth is an "Americanizer," a peacemaker, a healer of domestic troubles, the confidante of friends and strangers alike. It is her philosophy that duty, with one exception, is synonymous with anything disagreeable or hateful to do. The exception that really proves to be every one's duty is "to love somebody else with all his heart"—an obligation apparent in the opening pages of the book, though voiced only in the concluding paragraphs.

"Eve to the Rescue" is a pleasant and innocuous little romance, with several scenes of melodramatic movement.

A Tale of Beverley and Its Prophet

THE TORCH AND OTHER LECTURES AND ADDRESSES. By George Edward Woodberry. Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

Reviewed by JOHN GARRETT UNDERHILL.

The second volume of the collected essays of George Edward Woodberry is made up of two series of studies originally delivered in the form of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston and at the Brooklyn Institute, although mention of the later is discreetly suppressed. The first series, under the general title of *The Torch*, is a comprehensive study of the three great literary conventions or transformations of human experience which underlie the civilization of the Western World—classic mythology, the Hebrew Scriptures and the mediæval conception of chivalry. These are followed through the modifications which they suffered during the Renaissance at the hands of writers such as Milton, and, later of such comparative mediums as Wordsworth and Shelley. In the latter part of the book Marlowe, Byron, Gray, Tasso, Camoens and Lucretius are discussed, together with some general considerations upon the nature of poetry. A number of occasional papers of minor value are appended at the close.

In the days when Mr. Woodberry was at the height of his career as a teacher and young newspaper men from the downtown district were floating up to Columbia to sit in at autopsies upon Latin and Portuguese epics it was a common practice among the students to make secret pilgrimages to Beverly for the purpose of feasting their eyes upon a clandestine view of the home of the master. On one occasion a particularly devoted pupil anxious to verify beyond question the identity of the unpretentious frame structure at which he was gazing across the street, inquired of a passerby whether Prof. Woodberry in fact lived there. "Prof. Woodberry?" exclaimed the gentleman in surprise, "Yes, Prof. Woodberry of Columbia University, the distinguished critic." "Oh," replied the gentleman; "true, there is a person of the name living there. He teaches school, I believe, somewhere or other out West." Prof. Woodberry may have been a Brahmin in New York, but he was very far from being anything of the kind in Boston. It is easy to see in restrospect that it was this isolation which afforded him opportunity for development. Certainly he was the most detached person who ever became a great teacher.

Individually, these essays are finely tempered appreciations of the great writers of whom they treat, and as such they take their place in the front rank of contemporary criticism. The chief interest of the volume, however, arises from the fact that it presents in small compass the gleanings of Mr. Woodberry's academic life. While not concerned directly with the more general phases of criticism, it is an epitome of his work in its final and most richly mellowed phase. During the past two decades our colleges have produced endless accumulations of scholarly detail, together with no small store of the amenities, but nothing to approximate the ripeness and depth of these pages. They are the outgiving of a mind of extreme sensitiveness, which has matured slowly to personality, the expression of which is here complete.

A great deal of water has flowed under the critical pontoons—it will no longer do in this connection to speak of anything so fixed as bridges—since the '90s. Carman and Hovey were then radicals in New York; Robert Bridges and Kipling, innovators of daring; Amy Lowell, Masters, Frost, the new verse, the new painting, the new drama, for the most part lay still in the future. Art has become much freer in substance, looser in form. Columnists in those days did not publish in the morning papers the names of their friends who had entertained them at dinner the evening previous. Beside all this, Mr. Woodberry appears vastly epic.

Literature to him is not a matter of direct individual expression, but a life of culture. It is a discipline rather than a lyric cry, to be sure not devoid of personal elements nor of practical wisdom, but these things are strictly of secondary service. Its value does not reside in any broadening of the personality, but in escaping from, or perhaps better, in a sublimation of it, until it is fused with the forms of a racial, cultural ideal, which is seen most clearly in history, where it may be observed in perspective. Beauty appears to him objectively, to be shared and entered into and so recreated under enduring forms from age to age. "The poetic life is not the privilege of some, but the path of all, and the passion and the power to lead it is the measure of every man's soul. Man may be great in other ways, great in trade and politics and war; but they are great in soul in proportion as they are poets . . . I am the more struck, I think, as I grow older, with the sense of how small a part of mankind, and how few persons in any generation, really possess the higher fruits of civilization; and consequently how frail is man's hold on the good he has so hardly won." This may appear, in the qualification of the last phrase, to be the attitude of the critics, not of the poet, but it is as a critic that Mr. Woodberry will chiefly live.

To the student, of course, he presented a personal side. He possessed a quiet, not to say a homely humor, and a sense of gallantry which induced him to correspond with the dean of Barnard in red ink. It was that tolerant, half-unconscious humor which in reality is interpretative and smoothes out readily rough places by the way. But it never appears in his books. These move in another world apart, perfect in ideal type, of which only the emotion is of the present. In style he is a colorist, and his color derives not from his personality, but from his subject. No grace is said before meat. One sits down at his board and engages in immediate converse with the ancients.

This is a period of the dissolution of old traditions, of the breaking up of old formulas and of adventuring in the search of new. Mr. Woodberry's earlier writings are a summarization of the body of æsthetic doctrine as it existed at the close of the nineteenth century, his later works the expression of a cultural idea which is classic in conception, while it is at the same time modern in sympathy and contemporary in spirit. The keenness of his insight has been due in large measure to his prevision for the beginning of the radical movement in much of its detail. These studies are rich in overtones, and are vitalized by that humanity which is the wisdom of great literature. As the reader turns their pages he becomes sensible that the author is moving among equals—the sine qua non of criticism that is fitted to endure.